

G.I. JOE

No Foxholes at Sea... JOE TURNS FROGMAN

No. 21
MAY 10¢

G.I. Joe



The Fastest G. I. in Korea...
"SAVE 'IM FOR BROOKLYN"

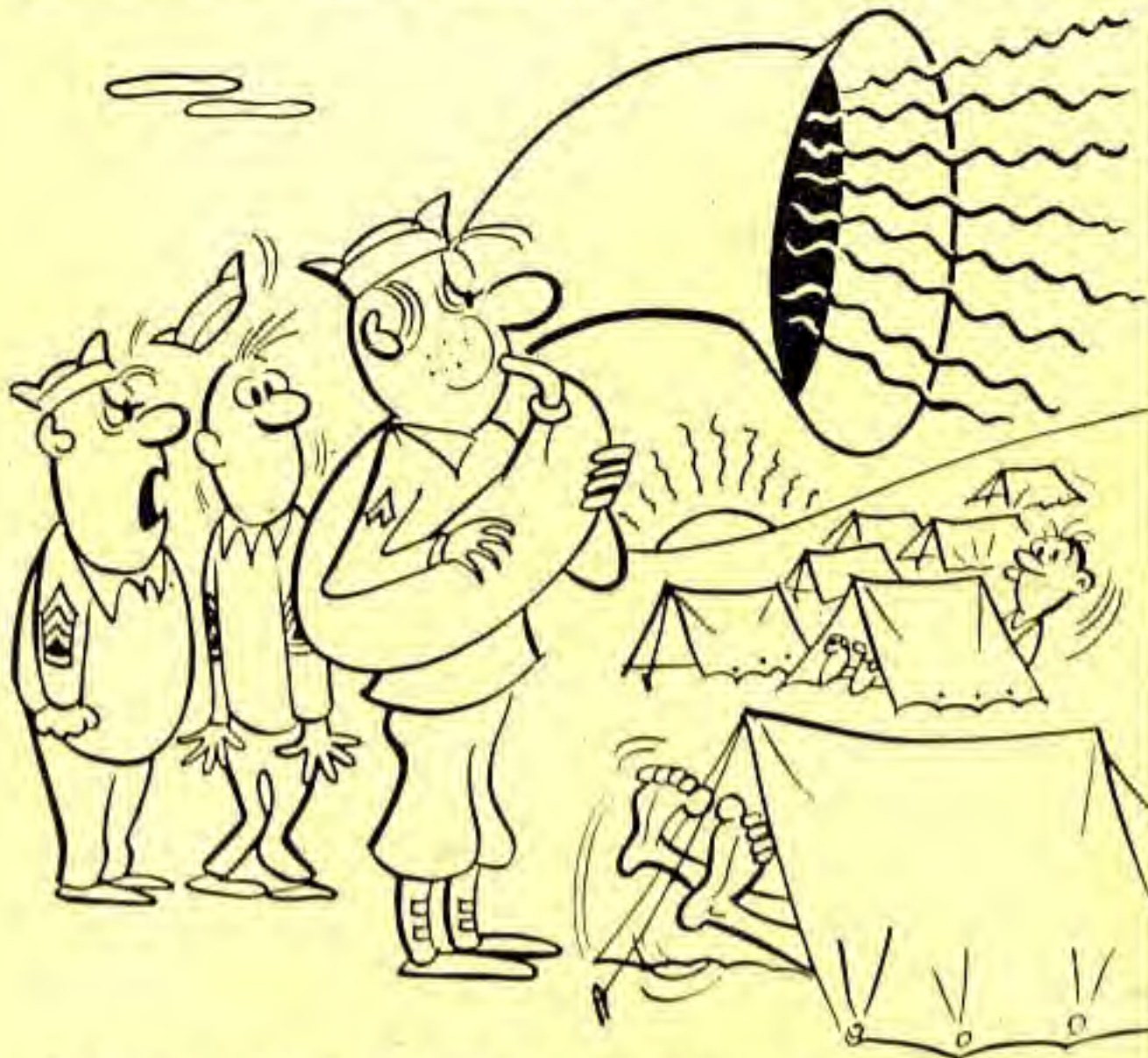


THE YARDBIRDS in a Laff Riot... SERVICE IN THE SERVICE



**WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM**

G.I. LAFFS



"SOMEBODY STOLE THE BUGLE!"



"WHEN I SAID TO MAKE YOURSELF AT HOME, CAPTAIN JONES, I DIDN'T MEAN..."

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G.I. Joe in "SAVE 'IM FOR BROOKLYN"

THE GAME'S THE SAME, WHETHER IT'S WAR, POKER OR BASEBALL: THE OBJECT IS TO WIN. AND BASEBALL, BEING THE G.I.'S FAVORITE GAME NEXT TO POKER, IS PLAYED PRACTICALLY ALL SEASON LONG. PVT. MERKLE MAY NEVER HAVE BOTHERED MUCH ABOUT SHOWING IT, BUT NOBODY IN "BAKER" COMPANY WAS MORE AWARE OF THE RULES...



HEY, HOOSIER! LOOK OUT!

GIT DOWN, BABE RUTH! A COMMIE'LL NAIL YA!

BOY! WAIT'LL WE PLAY "K" COMPANY! WE'LL SLAUGHTER 'EM!

AH USTER PLAY BALL BACK IN RASSEL GROVE, KAINLUCK! SHORE WAS FUN! EASY GAME, THOUGH! MIGHTY EASY!



BASEBALL EASY? MERKLE, I BET YOU'VE NEVER EVEN SEEN A BIG LEAGUE GAME!

I'LL BET HE NEVER HEARD OF JOE DIMAGGIO!

NOPE! BUT MAH UNCLE SLADE'S A MIGHTY GOOD JUDGE, AN' HE ALLUS FAVORED THE RASSEL GROVE NINE!

UNCLE SLADE? RASSEL GROVE NINE? OH, MY ACHING...

JUMP, HOOSIER!

BETTER GIT LOW, HOOSIER! ONE O' THEM COMMIES MIGHT KNOW HOW TO SHOOT!

CRACK!

A WEEK LATER AT REST CAMP...

JOE BURCH IS PITCHING FOR THE BOMBASTS...

HE'D BETTER BE GOOD-CAUSE THE KILLERS' PITCHER USETA PLAY IN THE AMERICAN LEAGUE!



PRACTICE...

WATCH THE ARM, JOE... YA DON'T WANTA THROW IT OUT! WE'RE DEPENDIN' ON YA!

IT FEELS GREAT, SARGE! I COULD GO NINE INNINGS RIGHT NOW!



RELAX! IT'S TWO DAYS BEFORE THE GAME, AN' YOU'RE THE ONLY PITCHER WE GOT! OH-OH— HERE COMES MERKLE!...

SARGE, HOW'S FER LETTIN' ME TRY OUT FER THE TEAM?

DON'T TELL ME THE GREAT MERKLE WANTS TO PLAY BALL WITH US?

OKAY, GRAB A GLOVE!



WELL, AH NEVER USED A GLOVE BEFO' BUT AH'M SHORE WILLIN' TER TRY!

NEVER USED A GLOVE? YOU'LL USE ONE AN' LIKE IT! NOW GIT OVER AN' COVER SECOND, WHILE I KNOCK YA A FEW!



THIS HUNKA PIG-HIDE FITS SORTA SNUG! AH ALLUS FELT UNCLE SLADE DIDN'T LIKE GLOVES... SORTA TOOK THE FUN OUTA BALL PLAYIN'!

UNCLE SLADE! WHO'S YER UNCLE SLADE!!! BASEBALL AIN'T BASEBALL WITHOUT A GLOVE! AN' YOU'RE GONNA USE ONE! NOW GIT OUT THERE AN' CATCH A FEW!



PITCH ME A PURTY ONE, JOE! LET'S SEE IF THE GREAT MERKLE CAN STOP IT!

RIGHT HERE, JOE, BOY! LET'S HAVE IT!





DIG IT UP, MERKLE,
AN' PLAY IT HOME!

ATTA BOY, SARGE!
A NICE ONE!

CRACK!

CARBUCCIO



DANGED GLOVE...!
WOULDA HAD IT
BAREHANDED!

Swoop!



WHAT HAPPENED,
MERKLE?

I AIN'T
USED TO
GLOVES... IT
FOOLED ME!



WELL, I SAY YOU USE A GLOVE,
UNNERSTAN' ? NOW, GET OUT TO
YER POSITION!



OKAY, SARGE, BUT YOU'RE
SLOWIN' UP MAH GAME!



KNOCK A FEW THE **GREAT** MERKLE'S
WAY, HOOSIER! HE NEEDS THE PRACTICE!

THE GAME...

THAT GUY IS FAST! SARGE, HE'S GONNA BE TOUGH TO HIT!

HE'S GOOD, BUT WE'LL MAKE HIM PITCH TO US! HE'LL HAVE TO WATCH THE CORNERS THEN!



INNINGS LATER... TOP HALF OF THE NINTH... BOMBASTS AT BAT...

IT'S A HOMER! ATTA BOY, BURCH!

WOW! SEVEN TO SIX! THAT PUTS US ONE AHEAD, JOE!

YOU'RE WINNIN' YER OWN GAME, JOE BOY!

MERKLE, YOU'RE UP! THERE'S TWO AWAY, SO TRY AN' GET ON!

THREE SWINGS LATER...

YOU'RE OUT!

THAT'S THE THIRD STRIKE-OUT FOR MERKLE! THE GUY COULDN'T HIT A BALLOON WITH A TENNIS RACKET!

WE'RE ONE RUN AHEAD, SARGE! WE CAN HOLD 'EM!



THIS IS THEIR LAST TIME AT BAT! BEAR DOWN ON 'EM, JOE, AN' WE'LL TAKE THE GAME!

PUT IT WHERE THEY DON'T WANT IT, JOE, BOY! THERE'S JUST THREE TO GO!

THE FIRST PITCH, AND...

IT HIT HIS PITCHIN' ARM!





WHEW! THAT BALL REALLY WINGED ME!

AW, YOU'LL BE OKAY IN A MINUTE!

WE'LL SOON KNOW... DOC'S ON HIS WAY OVER!



NO MORE PITCHING FOR YOU, BURCH! YOU'VE GOT A BAD BRUISE!

THERE GOES THE GAME! WE AIN'T GOT ANOTHER GOOD PITCHER!

I'LL PITCH... THEY WON'T EVEN SEE THE BALL!



SARGE, AH KIN PITCH SOME! LEASTWISE, UNCLE SLADE ALLUS ACTED SO! HIS EYES'D SHINE LIKE A PIG'S WET SNOOT WHENEVER AH'D WANG IN A FEW!

MERKLE, IF YA PITCH LIKE YA BAT, Y'STAY IN THE OUTFIELD! I'LL LET YA KNOW IF I NEED ANY HELP!



MINUTES LATER: A MAN ON FIRST... A SECOND BATTER UP...

GIT A PITCHER!

TO THE SHOWERS!

BALL FOUR!



THREE PITCHES LATER...

BALL THREE!

WANT TO MOVE IN A LITTLE CLOSER, MULVANEY, AN' TRY IT UNDER-HAND?

HOLD ON TO YER BAT, JUNIOR -CAUSE I'M GONNA KNOCK IT OUTA YER HANDS!



BALL FOUR!

NO OUTS! BASES LOADED-AN' MARTIN'S UP!

I HEARD YOU BET AGAINST 'BAKER', PHIL! LOOKS LIKE IT'S GONNA PAY OFF!!!



BASES LOADED— NO OUTS! WE GOTTA DO SOMETHIN', SARGE!

YOUR CONTROL'S GONE, SARGE! YOU GOTTA RELAX! HOW ABOUT MERKLE PITCHIN'?

OKAY, OKAY! THINGS CAN'T GET ANY WORSE! LET THE GREAT MERKLE BRING ON THE SLAUGHTER!



MERKLE WARMS UP ON THE MOUND...

WOTTA WINDUP! HA-HA!

MY SISTER KIN THROW FASTER'N THAT!

BACK TO THE HILLS, MERKLE!

C'MON, MERKLE! LET'S SEE A FAST ONE!

THIS IS GONNA BE LIKE TAKIN' CANDY FROM A BABY!

AH LIKES TO WARM UP KINDA SLOW-'N' SAVE THE SPEED FER THE BATTER!

BLOOPY!



BATTER UP!



ST-STRIKE ONE!

HOLY CATS! I-I HARDLY SAW THE BALL!

WHERE'D IT GO?

SWISH!

WHACK!



AH KNOWED AH'D GIT RUSTY...! TSK-TSK!

STRIKE TWO!

I-I NEVER SAW NOTHIN' LIKE IT!!

SWACK

WHIFF!



BOY! WHAT SPEED!

STR-R-RIKE THREE!

DID JA SEE THAT BALL MOVE!! WHEW! THAT'S ONE OUT!

AW, MERKLE'S KNOCKIN' 'IMSELF OUT! JUS' WATCH, HE'LL BLOW UP!

TWO STRIKES LATER...



STRIKE THREE!

TWO AWAY ON SIX PITCHES! THIS GUY MERKLE'S GOOD!

SO GOOD HE MIGHT COST YOU SOME DOUGH!



NICE GOIN', MERKLE! ONLY ONE MORE TO GO!

AH I'M A MITE RUSTY, JOE, BUT AH'LL LOOSEN UP!

STOP TRYIN' TO SHOW OFF, OR YOU'LL THROW YER ARM OUT AN' BLOW THE GAME!

GLAD Y'CALLED TIME, SARGE! MY HAND FEELS LIKE CHOPPED BEEF!

SECONDS LATER...



YOU'RE OUT!

THE BOMBASTS WIN!

WOTTA GAME!



LOOKIT MY HAND! ON NINE PITCHED BALLS! I CAN HARDLY MOVE IT!

BETTER HAVE THE DOC TAKE A LOOK AT IT, CARP!



MERKLE, THAT WAS GREAT PITCHIN'!

YA HAD TO BEAR DOWN AN' THROW YER ARM OUT! Y'WON'T BE GOOD FER ANY DETAILS FER A WEEK!

SHUCKS, SARGE... AH AIN'T WARMED UP TILL AFTER AH'VE THROWN FOUR OR FIVE INNINGS!



HI, MERKLE BOY! YOU GOT A POWERFUL ARM, BUT I THOUGHT YOU WERE A RIGHT HANDER!

AH AM! BUT AH CUT MAH FINGER, SO AH HAD T'USE MAH LEFT!

THREE DAYS LATER...

WITH ME MANAGING YOU, MERKLE, YOU'LL BE THE GREATEST PITCHER IN THE WORLD!

SHUCKS, PHIL — MONEY DON'T MEAN NOthin' TO UNCLE SLADE... 'SIDES, HE DON'T LIKE TO TRAVEL!



AW, FORGET YER UNCLE SLADE!

BASEBALL AIN'T FUN 'THOUT UNCLE SLADE! SQUIRREL-HUNTIN' NEITHER! HE LIKED ME TO HIT 'EM IN THE HEAD! ROCKS KIN MESS UP THE FUR!



YOU MEAN TO SAY YOU CAN HIT A SQUIRREL BY AIMIN' A ROCK AT ITS HEAD?

SHORE... CAN'T SELL THE PELTS EFFEN Y'HIT 'EM ANYWHERE ELSE! CUTS 'EM UP SOMETHIN' TERRIBLE!



I DON'T GET IT! WHY DON'CHA USE A GUN?

GUNS MAKE FER HEAVY HUNTIN'... 'SIDES, USIN' ROCKS Y'KIN CARRY HOME MORE SQUIRRELS!



MERKLE, I THINK YOU'RE GIVIN' ME SOME TENNESSEE MALARKY! I'LL BET...

HEY, YOU GUYS, DIG INTO THOSE SPUDS! CHOW'S AN HOUR AWAY!



MEANWHILE, A FEW TENTS AWAY...

SOMETHIN'S UP, JOE! THE LOOTENANT JUST GOT A DISPATCH FROM HEADQUARTERS!

WONDER IF IT'S BAD NEWS!



THAT NIGHT...



OKAY, LOOTENANT...

MULVANEY, CALL THE MEN! WE'RE MOVING UP! HAVE TO BE ON THE ROAD IN AN HOUR! TRANSPORTATION IS SENDING TRUCKS!

BATTLE BOUND...



MERKLE, WITH ME AS YOUR MANAGER, YOU COULD PITCH ON ANY TEAM IN THE COUNTRY!

BUT AH NEVER HEARD O'BROOKLYN... 'SIDES, AH PITCH FER THE RASSLE GROVE NINE, ELSEWISE UNCLE SLADE WOULDN'T LIKE IT!



HOURS LATER... WE'LL SET UP HERE, MULVANEY! GET THE TRUCKS OUT BEFORE THEY'RE SPOTTED! AS SOON AS YOU'RE DUG IN, REPORT TO ME WITH THREE MEN!

YES, SIR!



LATER... ... AND BY COVERING THIS AREA, YOU'LL GET AN IDEA OF ENEMY POSITIONS! GET AS MUCH DATA AS POSSIBLE! MARK LOCATIONS CAREFULLY... BUT...



... BE ON THE ALERT! THERE ARE COMMIE SQUADS ALL OVER THE PLACE!

IN COMMUNIST TERRITORY...

IF WE GET SPOTTED, TRY TO SETTLE IT WITH A BAYONET— GUN-FIRE ATTRACTS ATTENTION!

PICK UP YER FEET, MERKLE! YA SOUND LIKE A HERD OF ELEPHANTS!



MIKE'S RIGHT! YOU'LL HAVE THE WHOLE COMMIE ARMY ON OUR NECKS, MERKLE! WATCH IT!

AW! LAY OFF MERKLE!

EFFEN YOU'D LISTEN TER YERSELVES, YOU'DA NEVER HEARD ME!



SECONDS LATER ...

HEY, MIKE— WHAT HAPPENED TO MERKLE?

HE DROPPED HIS CANTEEN AN' WENT BACK TO GET IT! I TRIED TO--



敵兵! 止!

REDS!



AH RECKON AH'M GOIN' T'DO ME A LITTLE SQUIRREL HUNTIN'!



UNNNH....!

THUD!



MOMENTS LATER...



THUD!!



FINALLY, BACK AT CAMP...

... AN' THE NEXT THING WE KNEW, SIR, MERKLE WAS DROPPING THE REDS WITH **ROCKS!** I-I STILL CAN'T BELIEVE IT! HE WAS ALMOST TWO HUNDRED FEET AWAY!



BUT WHY DIDN'T YOU USE YOUR RIFLE, MERKLE?

AH FIGGERED GUN-FIRE'D ONLY BRING OUT MORE REDS, SIR! 'SIDES, AH'M MORE NATCHERAL WITH ROCKS!



WELL, AS FAR AS I'M CONCERNED, MERKLE, YOU CAN KEEP ON USING ROCKS! THAT IS UNDER CERTAIN CIRCUMSTANCES...



UNCLE SLADE SHORE WILL BE GLAD T'HEAR THAT! MAW READS ALL MAH LETTERS TO 'IM!

CAN'T YOUR UNCLE SLADE READ?

I'LL BET HE CAN'T READ OR WRITE!





SHUCKS, WE DIDN'T NEVER EXPECT UNCLE SLADE TER READ 'N' WRITE! HE JES' LIKES BASEBALL 'N' SQUIRRELS!...

YER UNCLE SLADE MUST BE QUITE A GUY! LIKE TO MEET 'IM SOMEDAY!



SHUCKS! DIDN'T AH NEVER SHOW YA UNCLE SLADE'S PITCHER? 'COURSE, IT'S KINDA DOG-EARED!...



...BUT THEN SO'S UNCLE SLADE! HE'S THE BEST DURNED HOUN' DAWG IN RASSLE COUNTY!!! NAMED 'IM AFTER MAW'S BROTHER, SLADE, WHO DIED ADRINKIN' FERMENTED 'TATER JUICE!



SOME DAYS LATER...

SAY, WHERE'S MULVANEY? HAVEN'T SEEN HIM SINCE WE BROUGHT THOSE COMMIES IN!

POOR SARGE! I GUESS HE JUST CAN'T FACE ANYONE ANY MORE AFTER WHAT HE SAID ABOUT MERKLE!

YEAH! WELL, THIS IS ONE TIME MULVANEY AIN'T GONNA GET THAT BIG FOOT OF HIS OUTA HIS MOUTH!



SERVES HIM RIGHT, HE...

LOOK OUT!



HOW'M I DOIN', MERKLE? (PUFF) ANY BETTER?

KEEP A-WORKIN' AT IT, SARGE! YUH'LL GET THAR ALL RIGHT! YUP! A COUPLA MORE THOUSAND ROCKS AN' YUH'LL GET THAR!

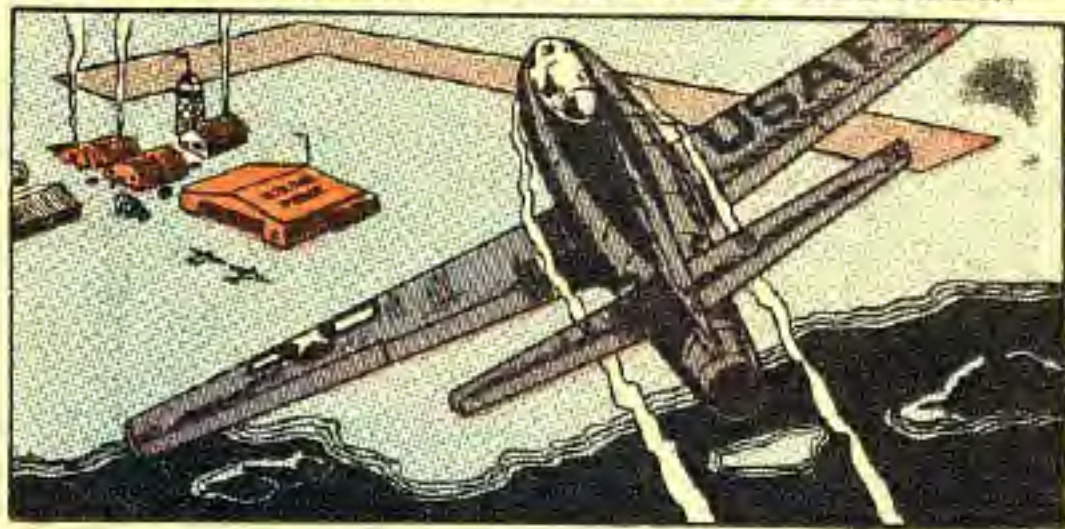
The End

G.I. FACTS *and* FIGURES

THE NAVY IS TESTING A ONE-MAN ROCKET POWERED HELICOPTER OF LIMITED CRUISING RANGE. IT WEIGHS LESS THAN 100 POUNDS AND WILL ENABLE THE "PILOT" TO LAND OR TAKE OFF ON HIS FEET. DETAILED SPECIFICATIONS HAVE NOT BEEN RELEASED FOR SECURITY REASONS...



PLANS FOR AIR BASES AND WEATHER STATIONS ON NATURAL FLOATING ISLANDS OF ICE JUST TWO HUNDRED MILES SOUTH OF THE NORTH POLE ARE ALREADY ON U.S. AIR FORCE DRAFTING TABLES. THESE ISLANDS WILL BE KNOWN AS T-1, T-2 AND T-3, AND ARE BELIEVED TO BE PIECES OF GLACIERS WHICH BROKE LOOSE AND SLID INTO THE SEA AGES AGO...



THE SIGNAL CORPS HAS INVENTED A SOUND FILM SO THIN THAT 36,000 WORDS CAN BE RECORDED ON A STRIP LIGHT ENOUGH FOR A PIGEON TO CARRY.



THE ARMED FORCES NOW PURCHASE 150,000 CANS OF EMERGENCY DRINKING WATER PREPARED BY A TOP SECRET PROCESS. THE CANS CAN BE TAKEN TO AREAS WHERE LOCAL WATER IS IMPURE OR WHERE BOMBINGS OR EXPLOSIONS HAVE CONTAMINATED WATER SUPPLIES. CANS CAN BE DROPPED BY PARACHUTE AND WILL FLOAT IN WATER. BECAUSE WATER IS STERILIZED IN CAN IT IS EXCELLENT FOR FIRST AID.



THE NEWEST GIMMICK DEVELOPED BY THE U.S. ARMY IS A "SNORKEL TRUCK" WHICH IS COMPLETELY SEALED AND WATERPROOFED, ENABLING IT TO CROSS THE BOTTOMS OF RIVERS AT SEVEN MPH. TWO LONG PIPES EXTEND ABOVE THE SURFACE OF THE WATER, ONE FOR THE INTAKE THE OTHER FOR EXHAUST. THE DRIVER NEED MERELY ADJUST A SIMPLE DIVER-LIKE BREATHING DEVICE FOR HIMSELF AND DRIVE THE TRUCK RIGHT INTO A RIVER UP TO A DEPTH OF ABOUT ELEVEN FEET. ON LAND THE TRUCK CAN MAKE 60MPH, AND CARRY A 5,000-POUND LOAD.



THE SCRIBBLER'S FIRST MISSION

PPRIVATE BOB YATES felt the hard stare of Sergeant Guptill, boss of "Charlie" Company, boring straight through him. On every side he could feel the equally-cold glances of other members of Charlie Company.

It was all too clear that he was about as popular an arrival as a case of trench foot.

"Headquarters tells me you're assigned to Charlie Company as a scribbler," Guptill said in a cold, metallic voice.

"I'm attached to your company as a combat correspondent," corrected the thin, sickly-looking rookie, returning the friendless stare with one of determination.

"Charlie Company ain't lookin' for publicity!" the sergeant said lifting his helmet from an ammo crate "We got a reputation of standing on our own. This is no glory outfit, scribbler. Save the newspaper malarkey for somebody else."

Private Yates, for all of his three days in Korea, stiffened at the blast of the combat-hardened sergeant.

"What I write," replied the rookie quietly, "is the concern of Headquarters Public Relations Unit and nobody else. I'm ready to carry my share of the combat load."

Sergeant Guptill pulled a cigarette from his waterproof pack and lit it.

"You'll start pulling your weight for Charlie Company tonight, Yates. I'm sending you out on recon party up Hill 227!"

It was cold up on the heights that faced Hill 227 as Private Yates, along with Corporal Dolan and PFC Reynolds, faced Guptill for instructions.

"Intelligence has got reason to expect a counter-attack by the Reds from over the summit at dawn tomorrow," he was saying in a low, rasping voice. "We're going to beat them to the punch with an uphill push tonight at midnight."

Private Yates swallowed hard as the sergeant continued.

"We want to sound out the ridges for burp-gun nests. Artillery will give you support as soon as you draw fire. Pass the word by walkie-talkie!"

Yates looked at the weary faces of Dolan and Reynolds, who were nodding methodically. His newspaper training told him that these were men who could be trusted to do the dirty work. The lines around their eyes and mouths reflected the experiences gained in a hundred previous missions just like this one.

Bob Yates had been assigned to Public Relations, but he was no greenhorn in the ways of infantry warfare. Ten months on maneuvers in the states before his transfer to Public Relations had beaten into him the ABC's of valley and mountain fighting.

And now as he inched his way up the heavily-wooded heights between Reynolds and Dolan he was putting his training to good use. Even though he moved as stealthily and noiselessly as they did, he could feel their hostility toward him. If things got hot, he was just dead weight as far as they were concerned.

They paused at the shelf indicated as Point X-Ray on the Command Post map, for a final breather.

"Where'd you say you came from?" asked Dolan. There was no enthusiasm in his voice.

"Chicago."

"As far as we're concerned you're still in Chicago," grunted Dolan. "Don't get any ideas of your own about fighting this war. You don't fight with a pencil. Watch us and do like we do, or you're a dead duck."

Bob Yates only nodded, but inwardly he burned at the scorn in Dolan's voice. What could he do to make these old-timers warm up to him?

It was now less than a hundred feet to the top of the ridge. They were inching their way to a point between the two markers where Headquarters Intelligence had indicated that two burp-gun nests were located.

As they halted, Reynolds drew a grenade from his belt, handed it to the rookie and pointed to the upper left-hand target area. He handed another hot egg to Dolan and pointed to the right-hand target. From the heights above they could hear the low Chinese voices muttering. The Reds weren't wise yet.

Yates felt his stomach tighten. He was going to have plenty to scribble about—if he ever lasted out his first assignment—with Charlie Company.

PFC Reynolds had his Browning Automatic Rifle cradled in readiness now as he nodded to his two pitchers.

"Give it to 'em when I count three," he whispered. In an even lower tone he breathed into his walkie-talkie:

"Stand by, High Jinks!"

That was the word for artillery.

As Reynolds counted three, Yates and Dolan, moving as one man, pulled the pins and hurled their messages of death.

Twin eruptions rocked the heights. Flame and sound competed for supremacy where the two burp-gun nests were alleged to be.

At the same instant Reynolds opened up with his BAR, spraying the two locations with a relentless fusillade of bullets.

There was a whoosh of air, and big explosions over the ridge. Artillery was delivering its barrage overhead.

Twice more Yates and Dolan pitched their grenades. Twice more the ridge reverberated. There was no returning gunfire.

Yates reached for his carbine to increase the fusillade, and all at once there was a blinding explosion that spun the rookie halfway around, and knocked him flat on his back. He saw the gun fly out of Reynolds' hands as the other pitched forward. Dolan was clutching at his stomach and moaning.

Yates seized the fallen automatic rifle, swung it to his left and opened fire. He heard a cry of pain and then for a moment, there was silence.

He'd guessed right. The Reds had planted a sniper to flank their lookout posts in case of infiltration. One more grenade from this lookout might've finished them.

Suddenly a deadly raking gunfire poured down from the ridge at a new point. They'd shifted gun-

points, trying to outguess an Allied raid. He dived quickly behind a ledge, dragging the moaning Dolan behind him. But one look at Reynolds told him the PFC would pour no more volleys for Charlie Company.

Ripping open an aid kit, Yates poured sulfa powder into Dolan's wounds and bandaged them as well as he could.

Another grenade shook the ground nearby. The machine gun fire picked up. New burp gun nests were springing into action all along the ridge. There must have been a half-dozen spots Headquarters had never heard of.

The Reds were surging out their nests, ready to wipe out the raiding party.

Before he knew what he was doing, the rookie picked up the BAR and charged uphill, firing as fast as the weapon could pour slugs.

He felt stabs of pain in his arm and leg, but he didn't stop. . . not until the charging horde of Reds had been cleaned out.

The Red charge had been broken. But they had to be smashed and driven back before they could regroup. The path must be cleared for that Allied offensive at midnight.

Scurrying back to the ledge where Dolan lay, he grabbed the walkie-talkie once more.

"Okay, High Jinks!" he barked. "Bring the hot stuff down another fifty feet. Just give us thirty seconds to clear out . . ."

He remembered vaguely slinging the limp Dolan over his shoulder, and staggering back down the mountainside. He followed the trail of the stream until he reached the Command Post. In the background the mountain was rocking to the now solid-barrage being laid down by "High Jinks." They had the burp-gun nests zeroed in as per Yates' instructions. That was all he remembered.

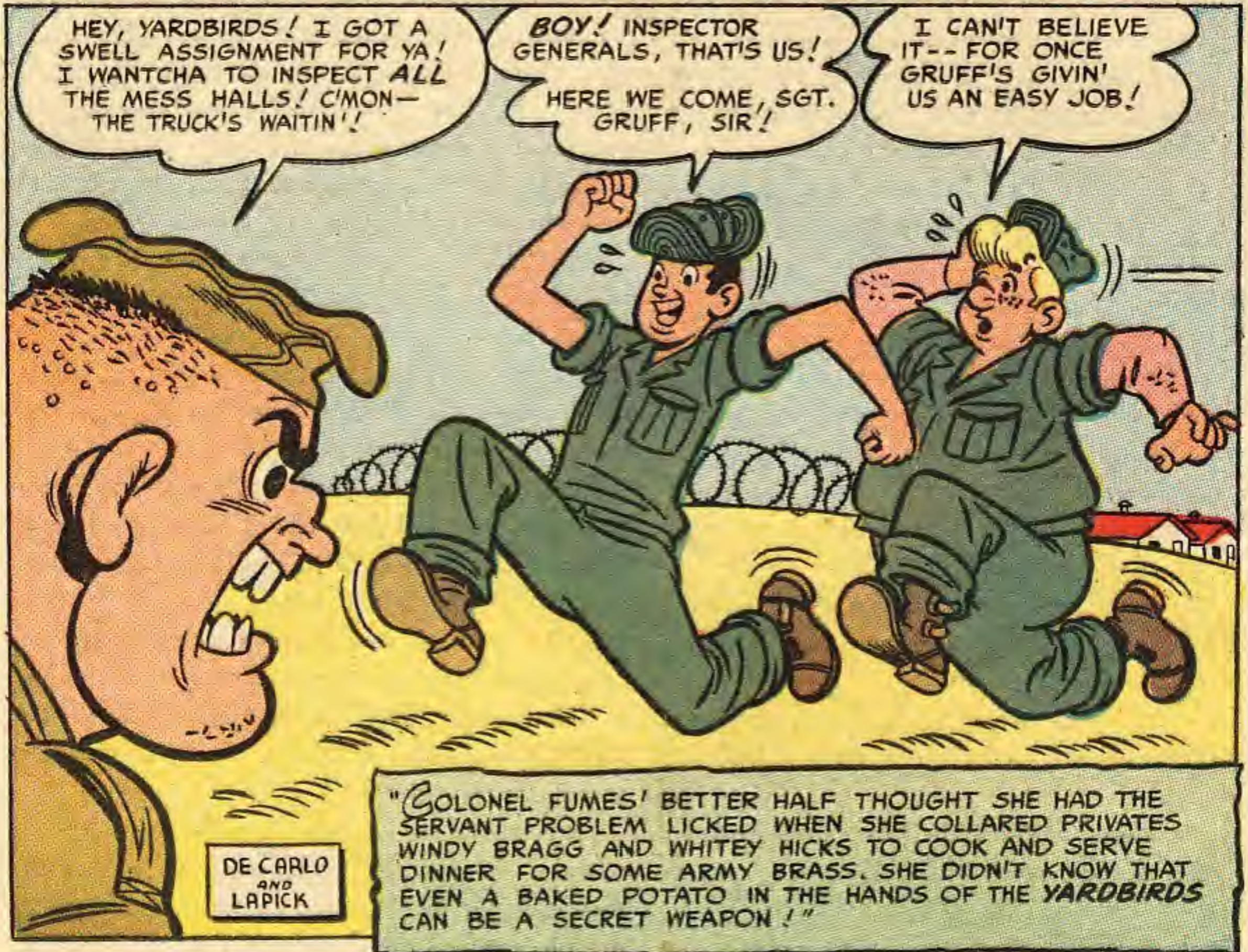
When he opened his eyes he was aware of Sergeant Guptill, staring down at him. But there was no cold look in the Sergeant's eyes now.

"You saved the day for Charlie Company, Yates," Guptill was saying. "But where did you ever dream up that one-man offensive? Dolan told me all about it."

Private Bob Yates, no longer a rookie, grinned. "Newspaper man," he whispered faintly, "used to be a police reporter in Chicago."

THE END

The **YARDBIRDS** in **SERVICE IN THE SERVICE**



HEY, YARDBIRDS! I GOT A SWELL ASSIGNMENT FOR YA! I WANTCHA TO INSPECT ALL THE MESS HALLS! C'MON— THE TRUCK'S WAITIN'!

BOY! INSPECTOR GENERALS, THAT'S US! HERE WE COME, SGT. GRUFF, SIR!

I CAN'T BELIEVE IT-- FOR ONCE GRUFF'S GIVIN' US AN EASY JOB!

DE CARLO
AND
LAPICK

"COLONEL FUMES' BETTER HALF THOUGHT SHE HAD THE SERVANT PROBLEM LICKED WHEN SHE COLLARED PRIVATES WINDY BRAGG AND WHITEY HICKS TO COOK AND SERVE DINNER FOR SOME ARMY BRASS. SHE DIDN'T KNOW THAT EVEN A BAKED POTATO IN THE HANDS OF THE **YARDBIRDS** CAN BE A SECRET WEAPON!"



YA DIRTY, DOUBLE-CROSSER! INSPECTORS, HAH!

C'MON, SNAP INTO IT! YOU GOT 1237 MORE GARBAGE CANS TO GO!

SERGEANT! I HAVE A DETAIL FOR THOSE TWO NICE YOUNG MEN!

COL. FUMES



THEY'VE JUST SHIPPED MY COOK AND BUTLER OVERSEAS AND I HAVE AN IMPORTANT DINNER TONIGHT!

YOU WANT THEM CREEPS... I MEAN CHAPS... MRS. FUMES, YA WELCOME TO 'EM! ... **PLENTY WELCOME!**

A FEW MINUTES LATER, IN MRS. FUMES' KITCHEN ...



YOU LOOK SPLENDID! YOU SEE, COLONEL FUMES AND I ARE HAVING A VERY IMPORTANT DINNER TONIGHT... TWO GENERALS!

OH, SWELL! HOW DO YOU WANT THEM COOKED?



SOME ROAST, HUH, WHITEY?

THAT'S NOTHIN'! I'M GONNA BAKE A CAKE!



CAKE, HUH? WHAT KIND OF A RECIPE YOU USING?

THE RECIPE FER THIS HERE CAKE WAS HANDED TO ME BY MY GRAND-MOTHER! I CARRY THE FORMULA IN MY HEAD!



BOYS! THE GUESTS HAVE ARRIVED! COME IN AND FIX THE DRINKS!

FIX? ALL YOU NEED'S A BOTTLE AND A GLASS!

WHAT'S THE GLASS FOR?



WHAT KIND OF A COCKTAIL IS THIS, HICKS?

THAT'S A BAZOOKA, SIR! IT'S LIKE A MOSCOW MULE, EXCEPT THAT YOU USE GUN-POWDER INSTEAD OF MINT LEAVES!



GA-A-AH!

IT'S LIQUID FIRE!

SPLURFF!

SEVERAL BAZOOKAS LATER...



THAT'S NOT A BAD DRINK, LAD!
STRONG, BUT TASTY... ONCE YOU
GET IT DOWN! NOW, GENERAL,
AS I WAS SAYING...



THE QUICKEST WAY TO
LICK THE ENEMY IS TO
WORK OUT A SECRET
WEAPON THAT'LL
BLOW 'EM ALL
UP AT ONCE...

BAH!
YOU'RE ALL
WET!

WHAM!



THE WAY TO LICK THE ENEMY IS TO
TIE HIM DOWN, SO THAT HIS
ENTIRE FORCE IS UNABLE TO
MAKE A MOVE! LIKE
THIS, SEE?

HEH!
HEH!
VERY
INTEREST-
ING
POINT,
SIR!

CRUNCH!



FIRST PIN THE
ENEMY DOWN,
THEN WORK HIM
OVER! **YOU'VE
GOT HIM!**
ISN'T THAT
RIGHT, FUMES?

YES SIR! (GASP!)
THAT'S RIGHT, SIR!



YOU KEEP OUT OF THIS,
FUMES! THAT'S AN INTEREST-
ING IDEA OF YOURS,
GENERAL... EXCEPT
FOR ONE THING... **IT
CAN'T BE DONE!**

THAT SHOWS HOW MUCH
YOU KNOW! THE ENEMY
CAN BE PINNED DOWN!
AND I KNOW HOW TO
DO IT!

WHAT HAVE I SAID? I
DON'T KNOW HOW TO
DO IT! **NOBODY
DOES!**



YOU SAY YOU
CAN DO IT...
**I'M GOING
TO MAKE
YOU PROVE
IT!**

**BREAK IT
UP, FELLAS!**
SOUP'S ON!
I MEAN--
DINNER
IS
SERVED!

MRS. FUMES' DINNER GETS OFF TO A FLYING START...



I HOPE I'M UNDRESSED ENOUGH TO SUIT YOU, MA'AM!

EEEEK!



HE'S A NUDIST! THIS IS THE LAST STRAW!

HEY! HEADS UP, EVERYBODY!



IT'S HOT!

HA! HA! HA! HE PINNED YOU DOWN, GENERAL! GET IT? PINNED YOU DOWN! HA! HA! HA!



PERMIT ME, GENERAL!

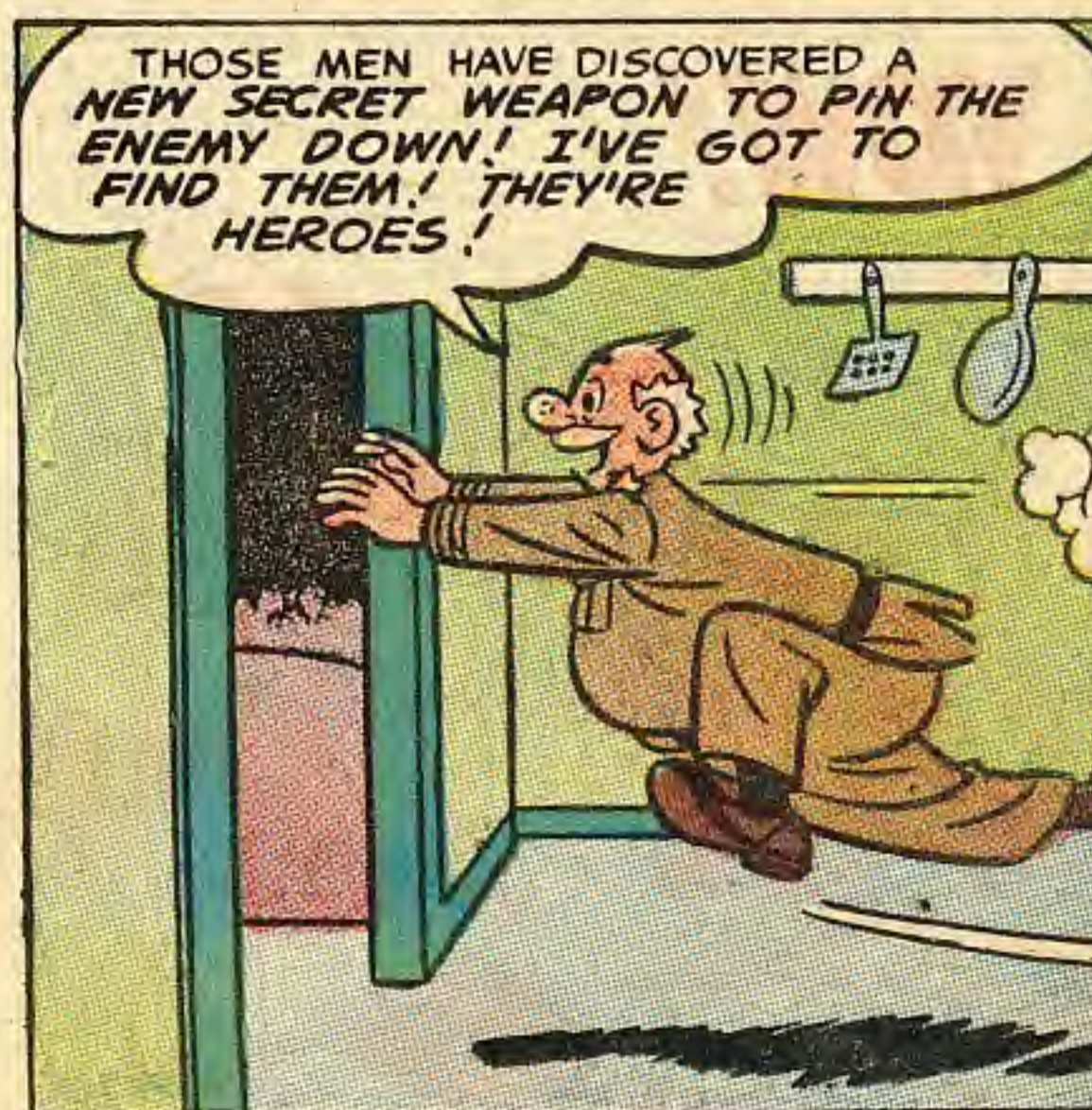
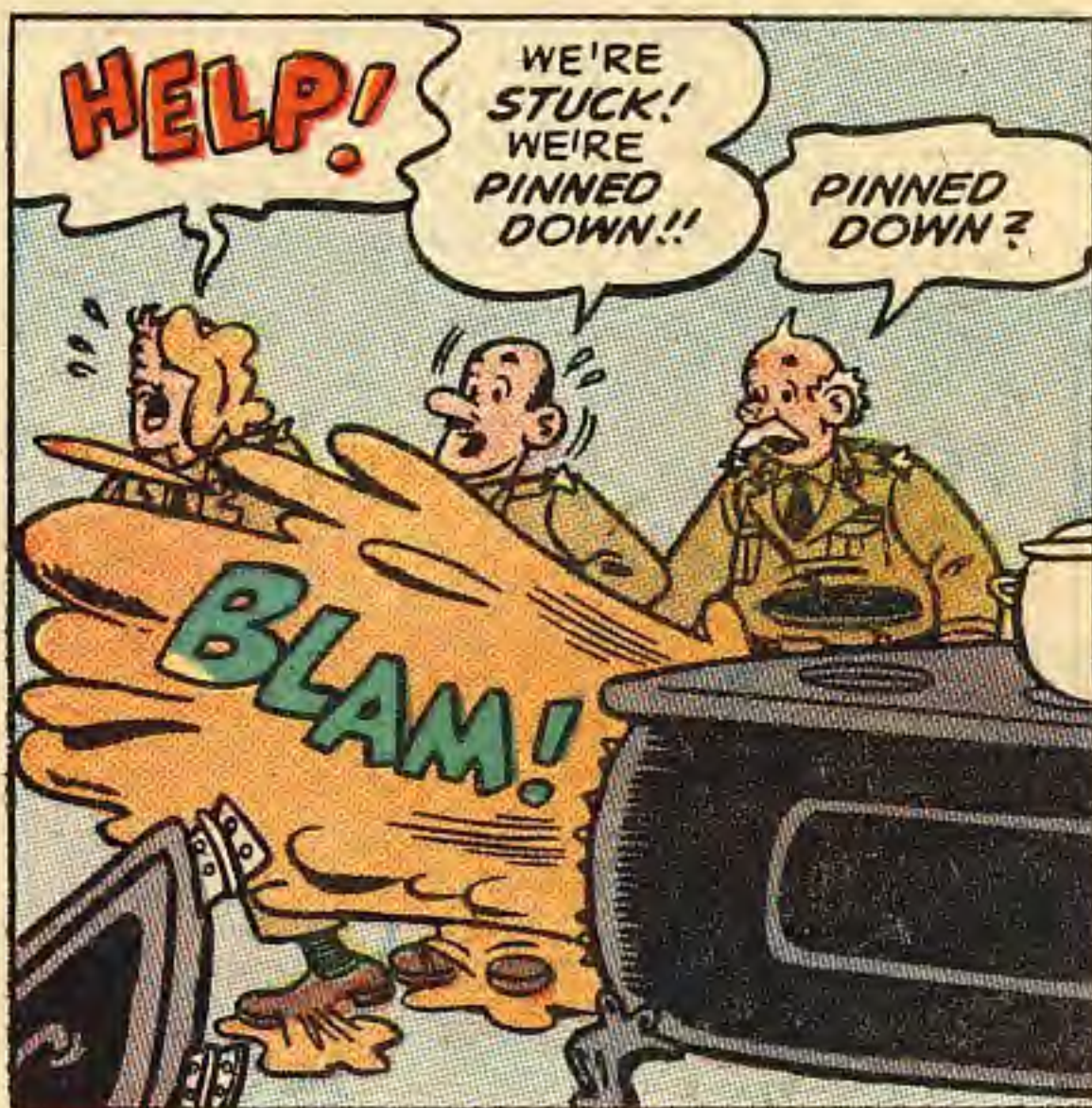
BLAST IT, FUMES! I'M BEING INCINERATED!

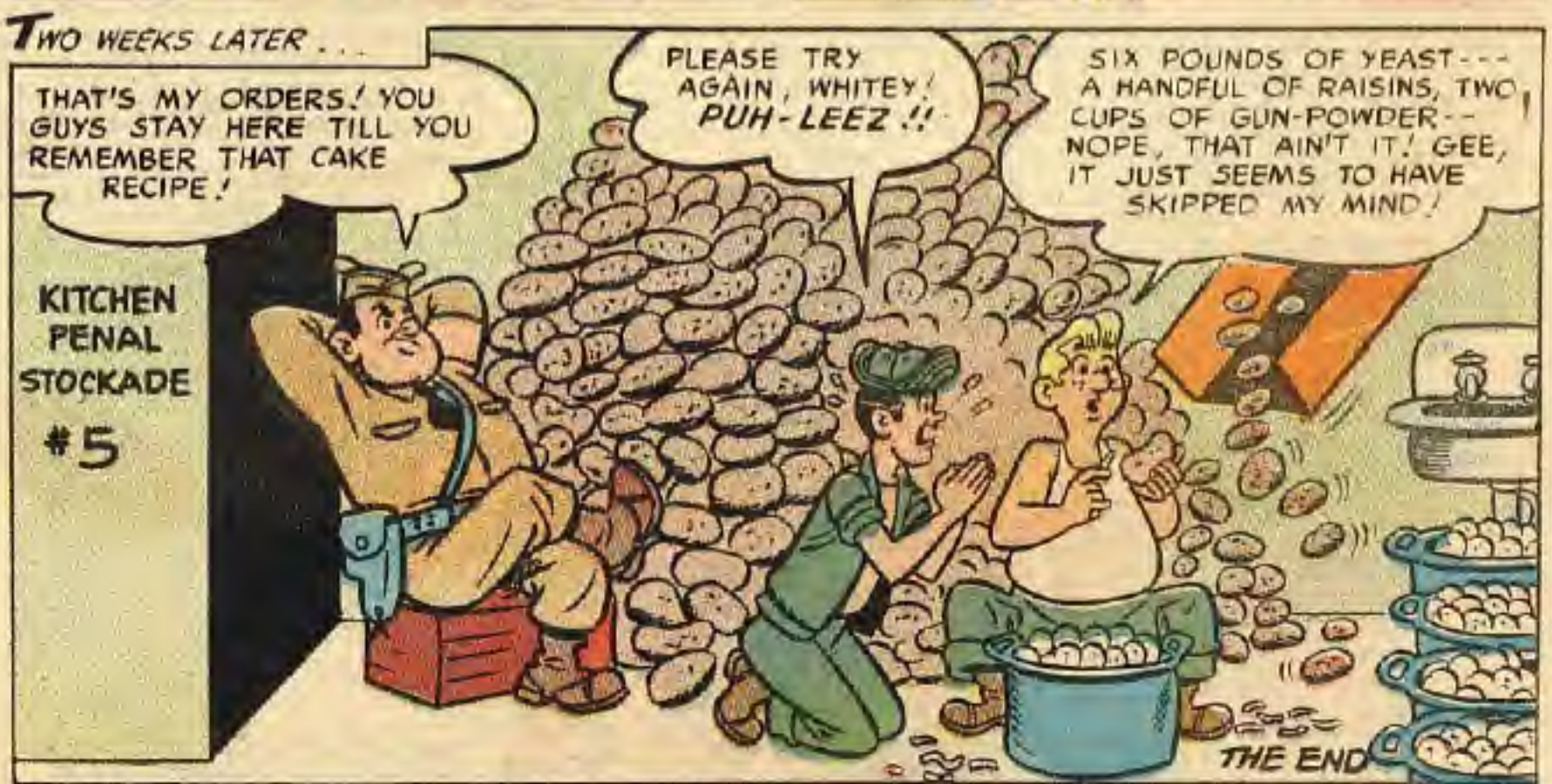


YOW!
HELP!

COURAGE, MA'AM! HELP'S A-COMIN'!







KITCHEN
PENAL
STOCKADE
#5

THE END

Flying Jack-of-All-Trades

ON SEPTEMBER 14TH, 1939 A CENTURIES-OLD IDEA CAME TRUE WHEN MAN ACCOMPLISHED THE FEAT OF FLYING STRAIGHT UP. AMERICA'S FIRST PRACTICAL HELICOPTER BECAME REALITY. TWO YEARS AND FOUR MONTHS LATER, THE FIRST HELICOPTER DESIGNED FOR THE ARMY AIR FORCES MADE ITS MAIDEN FLIGHT...



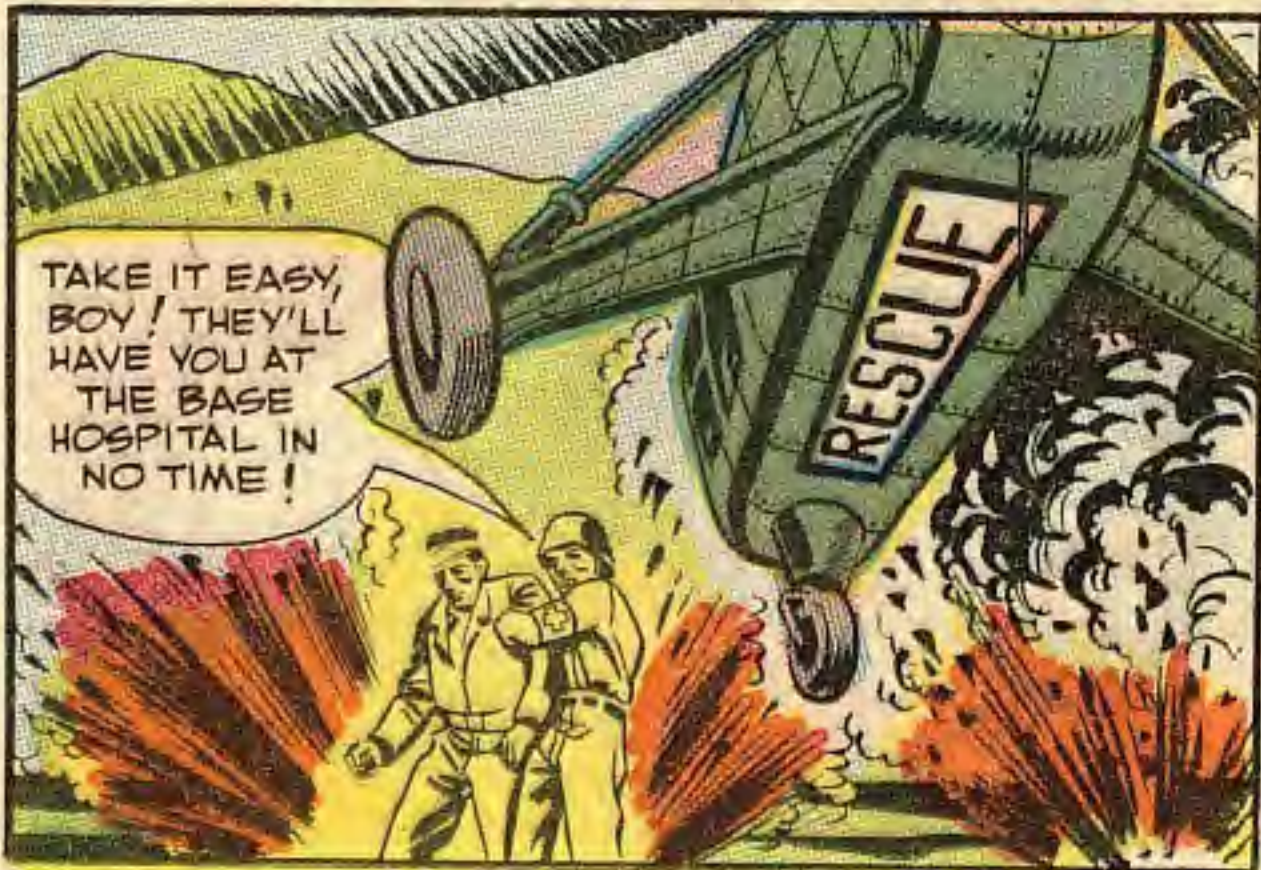
GENTLEMEN, MARK MY WORDS! THE HELICOPTER BEGINS A NEW ERA IN MILITARY WARFARE!

THE HELICOPTER WAS NOT USED UNDER FIRE IN WORLD WAR II BUT IT WAS TESTED THOROUGHLY. THEN, WHEN WAR CAME TO KOREA...



WE'RE ORGANIZING A SPECIAL HELICOPTER SQUADRON FOR RESCUE WORK AND ANY OTHER TASKS THEY CAN THROW OUR WAY! THE REDS ARE IN FOR SOME SURPRISES WHEN THEY SEE OUR SIKORSKI S-51'S!

THE HELICOPTER SOON PROVED ITS WORTH IN RESCUING WOUNDED AND ISOLATED MEN...



TAKE IT EASY, BOY! THEY'LL HAVE YOU AT THE BASE HOSPITAL IN NO TIME!

THE NAVY'S USE OF HELICOPTERS HAS RELEASED DESTROYERS FROM ESCORT AND GUARD DUTY...



HEY! YOU GUYS ARE ON THE BALL! I HAVEN'T HAD TIME TO GET WET YET!

TACTICALLY, THE HELICOPTER HAS BEEN INDISPENSABLE...

RADIO THE BASE THAT THE RED LEFT FLANK IS BEING REINFORCED. THEN WE'LL HEAD DOWN THE LINE AND LAY THAT CABLE FOR THE QUARTERMASTER!



EARLY IN 1951 THE H-19 (SIKORSKI S-55) WAS DEVELOPED AND PUT INTO SERVICE. CAPABLE OF CARRYING 10 PASSENGERS, IT LENT ITSELF PERFECTLY TO TROOP TRANSPORT. ON OCTOBER 11, 1951, IN KOREA, A FULL BATTALION OF MARINES WAS TRANSPORTED FROM ONE FIGHTING AREA TO ANOTHER, BY HELICOPTER!



THE RESCUE OF MORE THAN 3,000 GI'S IN KOREA HAS PROVEN THE VALUE OF THE HELICOPTER. ITS PEACETIME POSSIBILITIES ARE UNLIMITED. MAIL CARRYING, FIRE-FIGHTING, POLICE-PATROL, LIFE-GUARD DUTY, ETC! THE GI'S OF KOREA WILL NEVER FORGET THE FLYING JACK-OF-ALL-TRADES!



THE END

HEY, GUYS!

THE WINNERS OF THE
BIG G. I. JOE CONTEST,
 WHICH ENDED DECEMBER 9TH,
 WILL BE ANNOUNCED IN
 THE NEXT ISSUE OF
G.I. Joe



ON SALE MARCH 10TH ASK YOUR NEWSDEALER TO RESERVE YOUR COPY!

PVT. WOES

LET'S GO IN AND
 SEE IF THE GAME
 HAS STARTED!

POST
 OFFICE



STATEMENT REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF AUGUST 26, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1932, AND JULY 1, 1946 (Title 39, United States Code, Section 262) SHOWING THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION OF G. I. JOE, published monthly at Chicago, Ill., for October 1, 1952.

1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Giff-Davis Publishing Company, 165 North Wabash Avenue, Chicago 1, Ill.; Editor, Herbert Rogoff, 486 Madison Avenue, New York 17, New York; Business Manager, G. E. Carney, 365 Madison Ave., New York 17, New York.

2. The owner is: If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a partnership or other unincorporated firm, its name and address, as well as that of each individual member, must be given. Giff-Davis Publishing Company, 165 North Wabash Avenue, Chicago 1, Ill.; William B. Hoff, 125 North Wabash Avenue, Chicago 1, Ill.; B. G. Davis, 185 North Wabash Avenue, Chicago 1, Ill.; A. Hoff, 165 North Wabash Avenue, Chicago 1, Ill.; B. Davis, 125 North Wabash Avenue, Chicago 1, Ill.

3. The known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgage, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) Modern Woodmen of America, Rock Island, Illinois.

4. Paragraphs 2 and 3 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting; also the statements in the two paragraphs show the affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, bond stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner.

5. The average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the 12 months preceding the date shown above was: (This information is required from daily, weekly, semi-weekly, and 4-weekly newspapers only.)

G. E. CARNEY,
 Business Manager

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 22nd day of Sept., 1952.
 Irving L. Jacobson

Notary Public, State of New York

(My commission expires March 30, 1953.)

G.I. Joe in Joe Turns Frogman

A SOLDIER NEVER KNOWS WHERE HIS DUTY MAY TAKE HIM. JOE BURCH, SERVING IN KOREA, COULDN'T DREAM THE STRANGE ASSIGNMENT THAT WAS TO TAKE HIM BELOW THE SURFACE OF THE SEA. JOE'S WEIRDEST ADVENTURE STARTED WHEN CAPTAIN EUGENE KING GAVE INSTRUCTIONS TO LIEUTENANT PARKER OF "BAKER" COMPANY...



-G-2 GIVES THIS ASSIGNMENT HIGHEST PRIORITY, LIEUTENANT! WE'VE GOT TO LOCATE THE COMMIE ANTI-AIRCRAFT BATTERY THAT'S BEEN DOWNING OUR PLANES!

I'LL PUT MULVANEY AND BURCH ON IT RIGHT AWAY, SIR! THEY FOUGHT OVER THAT TERRAIN LAST YEAR! IF ANY TWO MEN CAN FIND THAT HIDDEN BATTERY, **THEY** CAN!

A SUBMARINE WILL LAND YOU BEHIND THE COMMIE LINES! REMEMBER -- YOU'RE TO **PINPOINT THE BATTERY** FOR OUR BOMBERS -- DON'T TRY TO FIGHT THEM YOURSELF! **THAT'S AN ORDER!**

DID YOU SAY A-A SUB, SIR? (GULP) Y-YES, SIR!

WHAT'LL I DO, JOE? I'M SCARED STIFF OF SMALL PLACES! CAN'T EVEN GO INTO A TELEPHONE BOOTH! AND NOW... A SUB!

WE'D BETTER GET A MOVE ON, SARGE! THEY'RE WAITIN' TO CAST OFF!





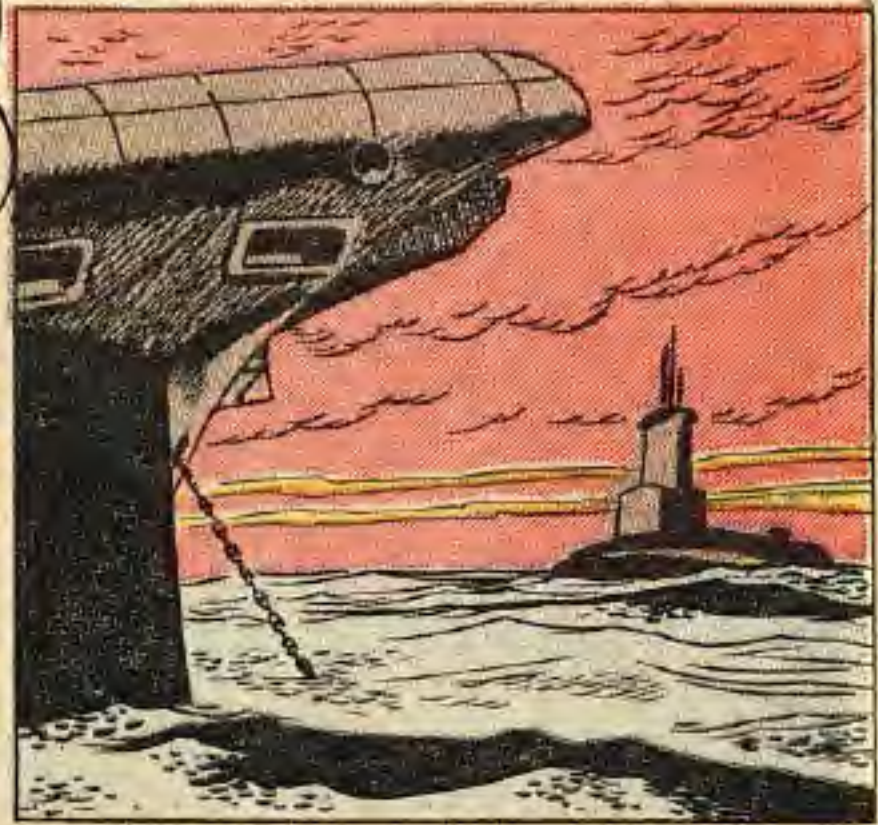
SGT. MULVANEY AND PRIVATE BURCH REPORTING, SIR!

FINE! WE'LL CAST OFF IMMEDIATELY! MACPHERSON!

YOU AND TEMOPOLIS SHOW THESE MEN TO THEIR BUNKS!

GLAD T'HAVE YA ABOARD! JUST CALL ME RUNT-- AND THIS IS TOODLES!

THE SUBMARINE "PELAGIC" SETS OFF TO LAND TWO G.I.'S BEHIND ENEMY LINES...



THANKS, BUSTER! HERE-- BUY YOURSELF SOME WATERWINGS!

YOU TRYIN' TO BE FUNNY? C'MON -- WE'RE SUPPOSED TO TAKE YOU TO MESS!



LOOK! STEAK, FRENCH FRIES-- ICE CREAM! IN THE INFANTRY, WE GET K RATIONS--- BOILED, FRIED AND SCRAMBLED! YEP! THE POOR DOGFACES'RE FIGHTIN' THIS WAR!

KNOCK IT OFF, MATE! YOU WANT I SHOULD PIN A MEDAL ON YA?



TOODLES, THAT CHARACTER COULD BECOME A MENACE! WHADDAYA SAY WE GIVE HIM THE OLD SHUDDUP TREATMENT?

YA! PUT 'IM IN WIT' THE TORPEDOES!



RIGHT IN HERE'S THE LOUNGE, SARGE! MAKE YOURSELF AT HOME!

DON'T WORRY, GOB-- I WILL!



SLAM!



HEY! I'M TRAPPED IN HERE! LEMME OUT! JOE! JOE!



WHAT'S GOIN' ON HERE?

I WAS DYIN' IN THERE! WHERE'S THAT RUNT?



LEMME AT 'IM! I'LL KILL THE JOKER!

YOU AN WHO ELSE, DOGFACE?

HEY, BREAK IT UP! THE SKIPPER WANTS TO SEE THE TWO DOGGIES!



WE'RE COMING IN, MEN... IT'S 0500 HOURS - STILL DARK OUTSIDE! YOU PADDLE IN USING THIS RUBBER BOAT! WE'LL BE BACK FOR YOU AT 2100 HOURS! GOOD LUCK!

THE TWO GI'S HEAD FOR SHORE IN A SMALL BOAT...



ONCE ASHORE, JOE AND MULVANEY START EXPLORING A FAMILIAR TERRAIN...



I DUG THIS FOXHOLE BACK IN '51, REMEMBER, SARGE? HERE'S WHERE WE STOOD OFF THAT SUICIDE ATTACK!

I DON'T WANNA BREAK UP YOUR SWEET MEMORIES, BUT LET'S GET OUTA HERE!



WOW! MY FEET HURT! WE'VE BEEN TRAMPIN' FOR HOURS!

REMEMBER THIS PLACE? HERE'S WHERE WE CAPTURED THAT COMMIE COLONEL... HEY! WHAT'S THAT DOWN THERE?



MULVANEY! DOWN THERE, WHERE THE COMMIE CP USED TO BE! LOOK!



I GOTTA GOOD MIND TO TOSS **THIS** DOWN ON 'EM!

HOLD IT, SARGE! REMEMBER THE LOOT'S INSTRUCTIONS!

OH-OH! THERE'S A PATROL COMIN'!



RR-RUMBLE-BLE!



THAT WAS A CLOSE SHAVE! WELL, C'MON, SARGE—WE BETTER GET BACK!

YEAH! MAYBE I CAN GET IN SOME SACK TIME! I C'N SURE USE IT!

ONCE BACK AT THEIR RENDEZVOUS JOE AND MULVANEY WAIT UNTIL...



MULVANEY! WAKE UP! THE SUB'S HERE! THERE'S THE SIGNAL!



HURRY UP! THE SKIPPER'S WAITIN' FOR YA! WE GOTTA GET OUTA HERE!



YOU'LL FIND THE COORDINATES ON THIS MAP, SIR! WE GOT THE COMMIE BATTERY PINPOINTED GOOD!

WELL DONE, SERGEANT! YOU BETTER GET SOME REST AFT!



OH, IT'S YOU, JOKER! C'MERE! I GOT SOME UNFINISHED BUSINESS!

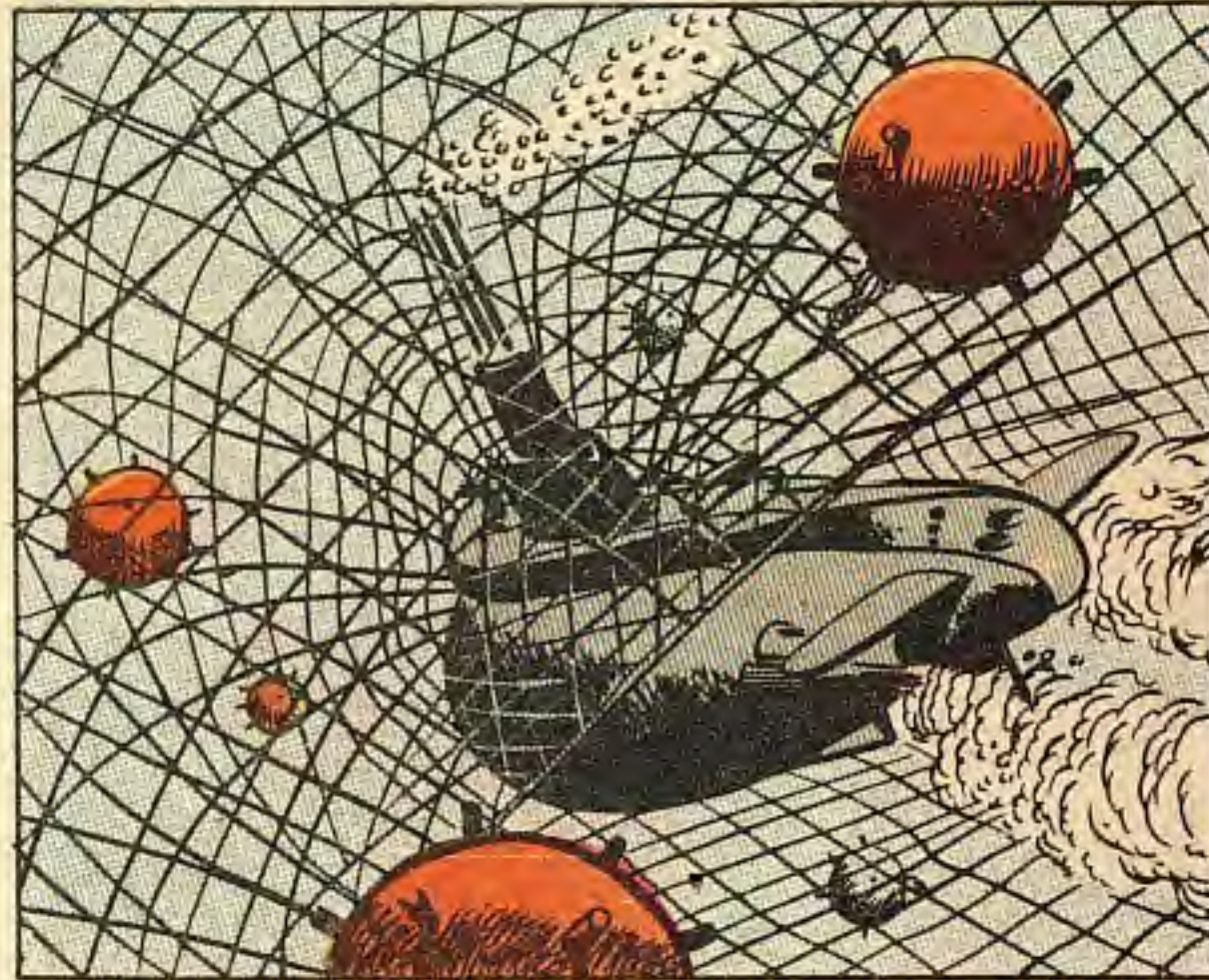
ANY TIME, DOGFACE! ANY TIME!

SUDDENLY, WITH A SHRIEK OF TORTURED METAL, THE SUB SHUDDERS TO A HALT...



CRASH!

TRAPPED! THE ANTI-SUBMARINE NET HAS CAUGHT A GLEAMING METAL MONSTER!



THE NET'S OVER TH' CONNING TOWER, SIR -- AN' WE CAN'T OPEN THE ESCAPE HATCHES MORE'N A FOOT!

A FOOT! NOBODY CAN GET THROUGH THAT!



I CAN, SIR! I'M THE SMALLEST MAN ABOARD!

CLAD ONLY IN A DIVING HELMET, RUNT SQUIRMS THROUGH THE HATCH, CARRYING AN OXY-ACETYLENE TORCH...

THE MAGIC OF OXY-ACETYLENE, WHICH BURNS UNDER WATER, ENABLES RUNT TO CUT AWAY THE NET!

AS TENSE MINUTES PASS, RUNT CUTS THROUGH THE METAL STRANDS, AND THEN -- A MINE, LOADED WITH HIGH EXPLOSIVE, BREAKS FREE!

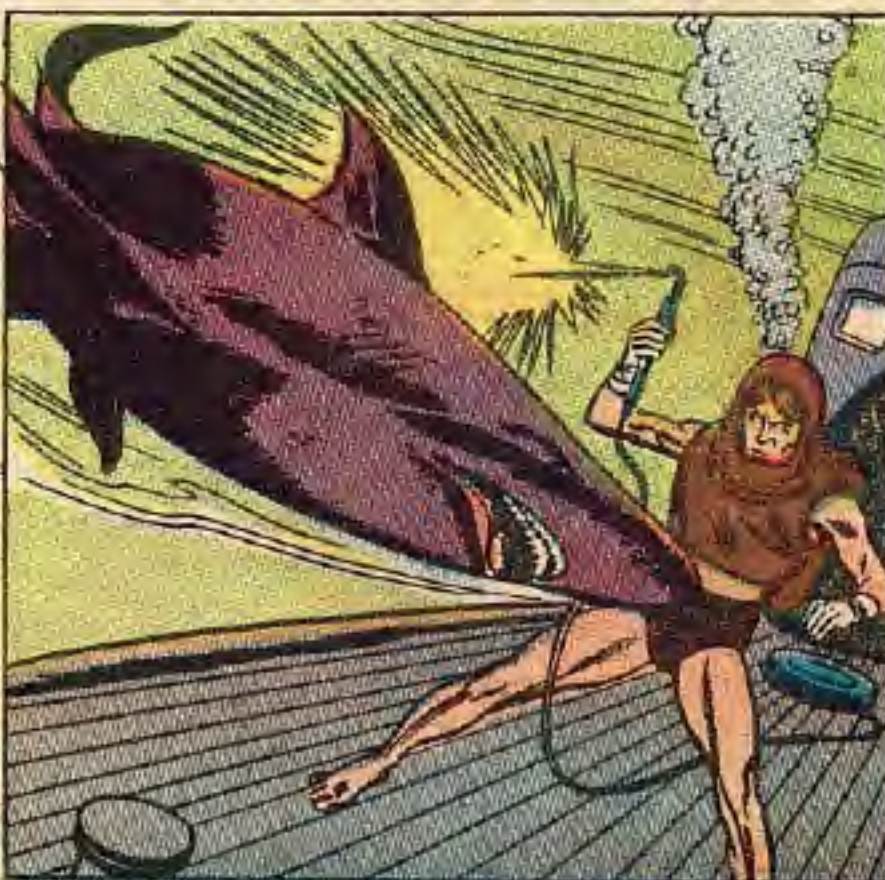
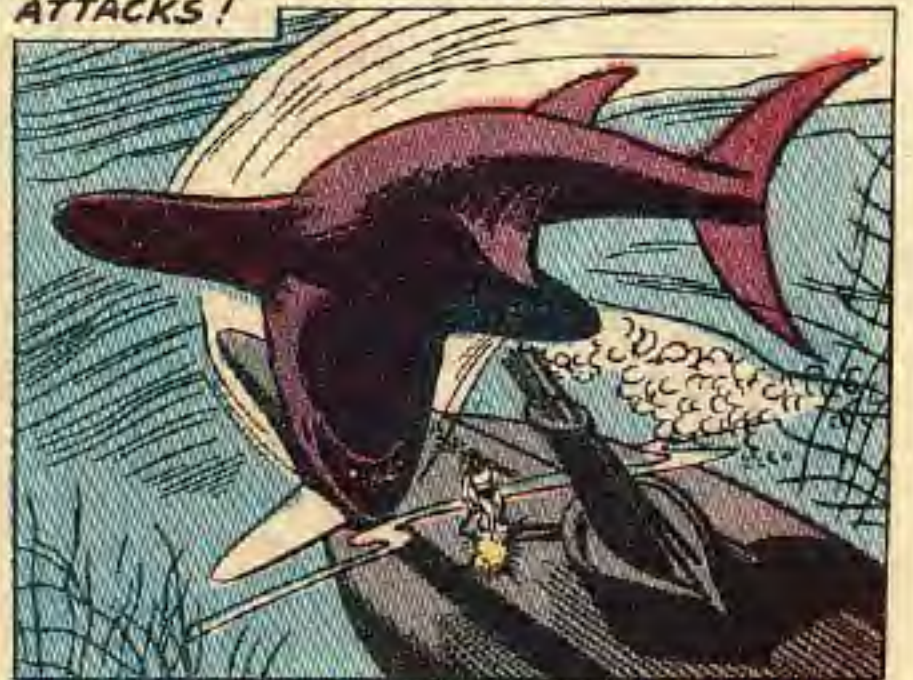




MIRACULOUSLY, THE MINE FLOATS FREE!
ITS DETONATING SPINES MISS THE SUB!

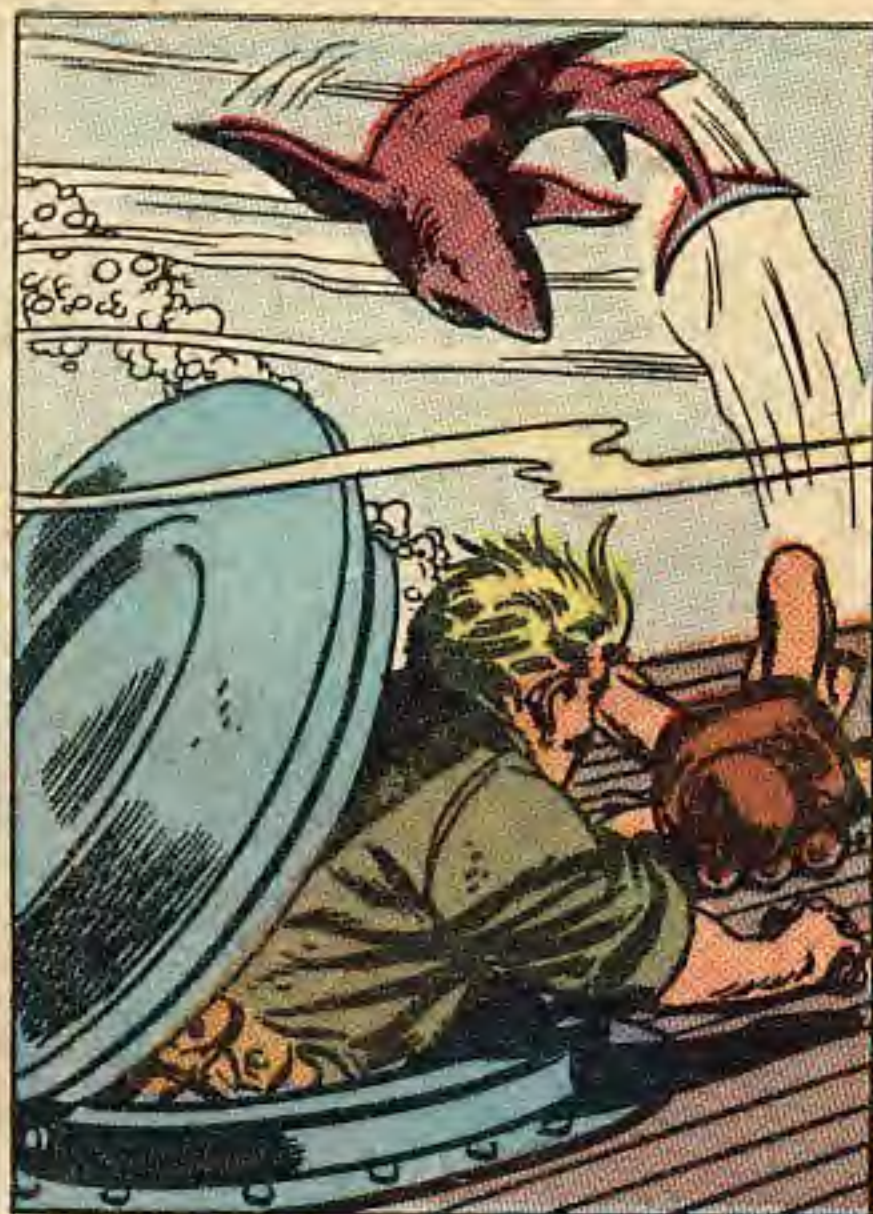


THE NET IS CUT-- THE SUB IS FREE! AND THEN,
OUT OF THE MURKY WATERS, ATTRACTED BY THE
TORCH'S FLARE, A MONSTER SHARK
ATTACKS!

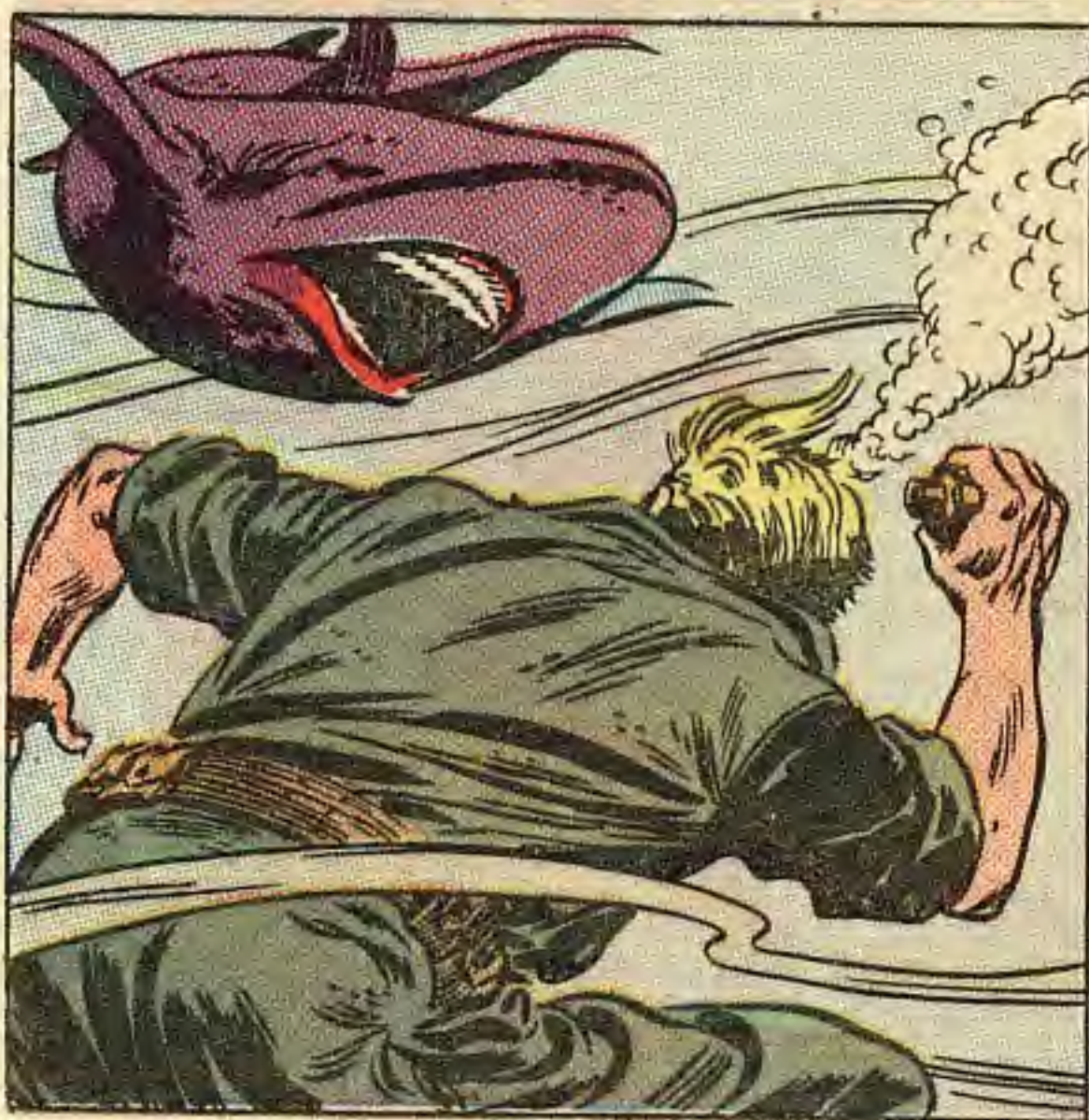


A CRASHING BLOW FROM THE POWERFUL TAIL,
AND RUNT IS KNOCKED UNCONSCIOUS-- AN EASY
PREY FOR THE KILLER!

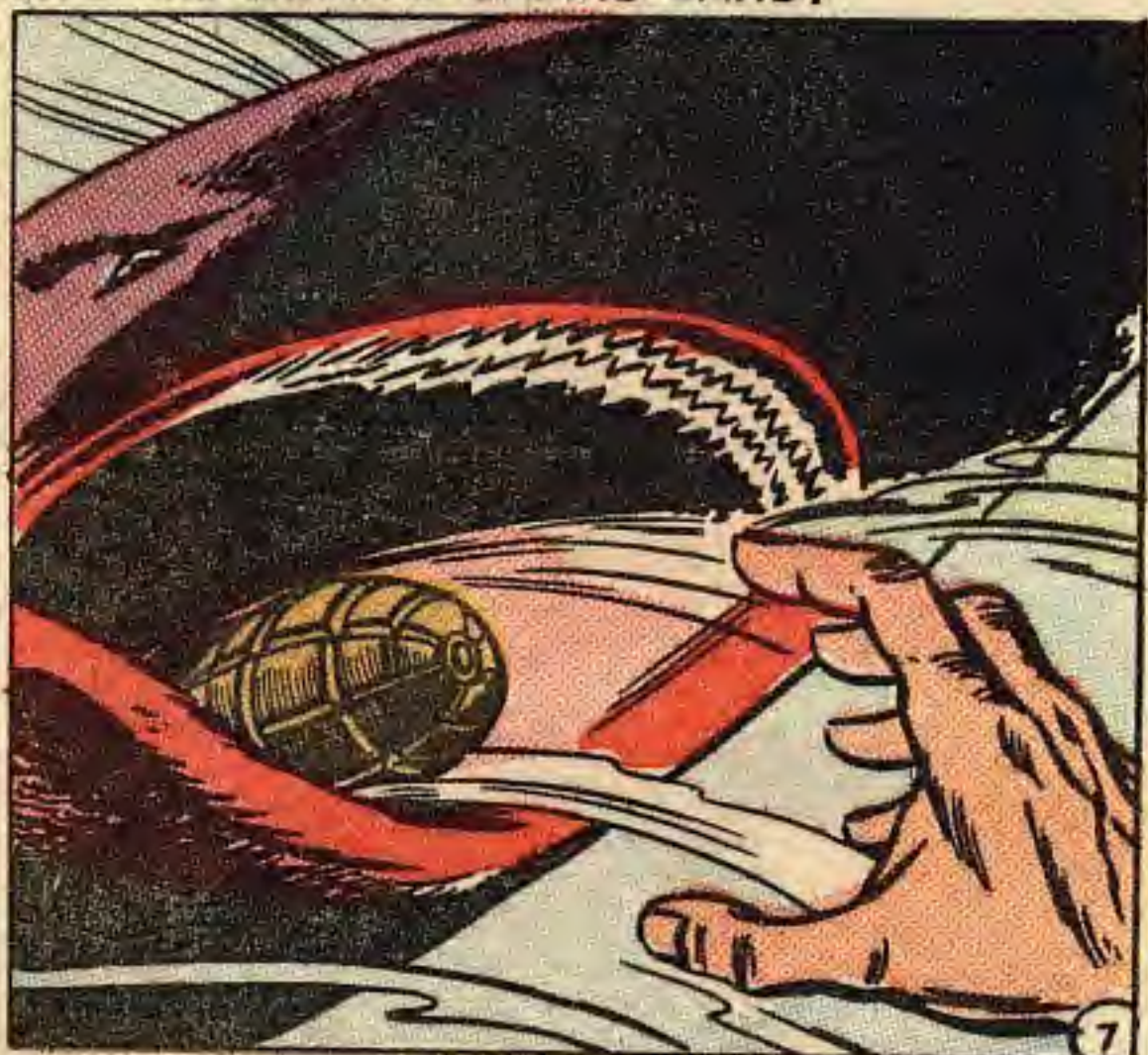




BUT THE FURY OF THE SHARK'S ATTACK TEARS THE TORCH FROM JOE'S HANDS!



HIS SENSES REELING, ALMOST UNCONSCIOUS FOR LACK OF AIR, JOE HURLS THE GRENADE INTO THE SHARK'S GAPING JAWS!



THEN, AS RUNT RECOVERS...



NO DIVING HELMET! I GOTTA GET HIM BACK IN THE SUB, OR HE'LL DROWN!



ONCE INSIDE THE SUBMARINE...



JOE! JOE! SPEAK TO ME! JOE!



KOFF! KOFF!

WHEW! YOU THREW QUITE A SCARE INTO US, SOLDIER! THANKS TO YOU AND RUNT, WE'RE ON OUR WAY!

A DAY LATER, THEIR MISSION ACCOMPLISHED...



THE AIR FORCE GOT YOUR REPORT. I JUST RECEIVED WORD -- THE COMMIE BATTERY HAS BEEN WIPED OUT, THANKS TO YOU TWO! WELL DONE!



RUNT AND TODDLES ARE GOOD SHIPMATES-- BOTH OF 'EM! Y'KNOW, JOE-- I THOUGHT THOSE DIVE BOYS HAD IT EASY! BUT, NOW... I'LL TAKE A FOXHOLE ANY TIME!

The End

FLASH! SPECIAL SALE! THIS MONTH ONLY

"PRESS ACTION"
#620
FLASH CAMERA
4.95



6.98

**INDOORS! OUTDOORS!
BLACK & WHITE! FULL COLOR!
PARTIES! NEWS SHOTS!**

An AMAZING Camera. Takes pictures DAY or NIGHT, indoors or outdoors. Sharp BLACK and WHITE snapshots or FULL COLOR photos, using Kodacolor film. 12 Big pictures on 1 Roll of film. Flash attachment snaps on or off in seconds. Catch valuable news photos. Win admiration at parties, dances. NOW \$4.95

FILM. Special #620 Orthochromatic, 3 ROLLS for \$1.00

NOTICE

YOU MUST USE THE COUPON BELOW IN ORDER TO GET THESE SPECIAL PRICES. This offer will not be repeated. Supplies limited. Order while they last!



8.50

NOW
6.98

8.98

NOW
6.99

PERFECT for active women and girls. Fine JEWELLED movement in dainty case. GILT hands and numbers. Smart Link Expansion Bracelet — NOW \$6.98

BEST for active men and boys. SHOCK-RESISTANT and ANTI-MAGNETIC! Luminous Dial! Jewelled Movement! Red Sweep-Second! Expansion Bracelet. NOW \$6.99



10.00

NOW
8.49

12.00

NOW
9.95

Ladies' Jewelled Watch in a smart Gold finish case. Dial has 12 Flashing imitation DIAMONDS and RUBIES. Glamorous Snake Bracelet. NOW \$8.49

Rich, Flashing Men's Jewelled Watch with 11 Sparkling imitation DIAMONDS and RUBIES. Smart Gold finish case. DeLuxe Basket-weave Bracelet. NOW \$9.95.

INITIAL RING

A Handsome, Masculine Ring with your own INITIAL set in Raised GOLD effect on a BRILLIANT RUBY-RED color stone. With 2 SPARKLING imitation DIAMONDS on the sides Rich 14K R.G.P.

2.95



NOW \$2.95

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FREE NO-RISK HOME TRIAL

SEND NO MONEY! We want you to inspect and enjoy this fine quality merchandise — right in your own home. You risk nothing! If not delighted, return for FULL PRICE REFUND. Every article we sell is GUARANTEED! Order from this famous company and be convinced.

IDEAL CO.

BOX 232, MAD. SQ. STA., N.Y. 10, N.Y.

GUARANTEED SAVINGS

BRILLIANT MEN'S WATCH

15 JEWELS

12.95

20.00



A MAGNIFICENT Men's Watch that you'll be real proud of! GUARANTEED 15 JEWEL MOVEMENT in a Handsome GENUINE

10K R.G.P. case. Rich, brilliant GOLDEN-SPRINKLED Dial with flashing GILT-NUGGET hour dots. Contrasting Jet-Black center. Genuine Alligator-grain leather strap. TERRIFIC VALUE. NOW \$12.95



"PRINCE" RING Here's a Rich, Massive Ring for you. With a Huge Flashing imitation DIAMOND and 6 Fiery Red imitation RUBIES. 14K R.G.P. NOW \$3.49



CLUSTER RING with your OWN RAISED GOLD-COLOR INITIAL on a Rich RUBY-RED color stone set in a circle of Blazing imitation DIAMONDS. 14K R.G.P. NOW \$3.49

POWERFUL

BATTERY-OPERATED
Private Line
WALL PHONES



7.50
NOW
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COMPLETE SET



for HOME or OFFICE USE

NOW!! Your own PRIVATE-LINE "PHONE SYSTEM" that sets up in minutes—easily—anywhere you want it. Powerful BATTERY-OPERATED circuit carries two-way conversations loud and clear. Signal buttons and buzzers on each phone. SAVE TIME, SAVE STEPS—just pick up the receiver, buzz your party and make the call! A thousand uses for this amazing instrument. All-steel construction in handsome Hammertone Enamel finish. Complete set of 2 Phones, 50 feet of Wire, Instructions and Guarantee . . . NOW \$5.49

NOTE: When ordering this item, enclose \$1.00 Deposit.

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IDEAL CO., Dept. GI-58
Box 232 Mad. Sq. Sta., New York 10, N.Y.

SEND NO MONEY! Just cut out pictures of articles desired and attach to this coupon. Pay postman plus few cents postage and excise tax on delivery. THEN EXAMINE IN YOUR OWN HOME. SATISFACTION IS GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK.

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(Send RING SIZES, INITIAL WANTED, and your BIRTH-MONTH. If you need more room, attach a sheet of paper.)

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3.74

Real! Sparkling, Shining BEAUTY! Engagement Ring has 4 Flashing Brilliants and a BEAUTIFUL imitation DIAMOND SOLITAIRE. 7 Twinkling Brilliants in the Wedding Ring. 12K GOLD Filled. Both rings. NOW \$3.74

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'Sun Glow' Ring. A rich simulation of a glowing Big 10 CARAT STAR RUBY with 2 side DIAMONDS Deep fire! Sterling. NOW \$2.98



Radio's Super-Special
HARMONICA STAR
 Cowboy JAY TURNER who
 teaches harmonica like he
 plays it—but GOOD! That's
 why thousands of fellers say
 —"Play with Jay and you
 really play!"

Play Red Hot HARMONICA MUSIC In 8 Minutes Flat!

**RICH CHORDS AND TRICKIEST TUNES A SNAP
 WITH NEW SLIDING NOTE FINDER-HARMONICA!**



AT LAST, a way to get hep to
 being a real harmonica maestro
 in a few **FAST MINUTES!**
 Leave it to Big Jay to dope out
 a sensational new "SLIDING
 NOTE FINDER" Harmonica
 that picks out your notes . . . adds
 your chords . . . does **EVERYTHING** but
 blow and take your bows! Fun . . . and
 how! Read exciting details below!

**SURE, IT SLIDES! PICKS OUT ANY MELODY!
 AUTOMATICALLY ADDS CHORDS! NO NOTES TO READ!**



Play For Dancing



They'll Sing With You

Only
\$1

A STAR OVERNIGHT—THAT'S YOU!

Honest, Pal, you don't know what real fun
 is 'til you get "harmonica hot" the exciting
 Jay Turner way! Boy, Oh Boy! Watch the
 gang gather when you swing those cowboy
 favorites! Hear 'em whistle and sing as
 you roll into "Little Brown Jug" and "Oh!
 Susanna!" And will you have to beat it *fast*
 to escape the girls' Sinatra-swoons. Then at
 dances, hikes, picnics wherever pals and
 gals get together, who's Mr. Popularity?
 Nobody else but *you!*

A CINCH — WITH JAY'S "SLIDING NOTE FINDER!"

You name it! Be-bop or swing, cowboy or
 hillbilly tunes, waltzes, hot jazz or jumpin'
 jive—Jay's magic **SLIDING NOTE FINDER**
actually picks out the right notes for you as it
 slides back and forth over the top of your
 harmonica! You don't fuss around trying to
 blow through 10 different openings of the
 harmonica. Instead, you use just **ONE SINGLE**
 opening in your **MAGIC SLIDING NOTE**
FINDER. Right away you're playing the
 melody. Then, like magic, the **NOTE**
FINDER *automatically adds the right chords*—
 and you're making like a real radio professional!

GRAB JAY'S "NO RISK" OFFER TODAY!

When your pal, Jay, says "No Risk" — he means just that! So treat yourself to this
 never-before harmonica deal today. Then if in 8 minutes flat you're not playing
 actual tunes, just shoot back the **MAGIC "SLIDING NOTE FINDER" HARMONICA**,
 and you get your dollar back at once! **HURRY**, this may be your last chance!

RUSH THIS COUPON TODAY!

JAY TURNER, Dept. 61-21 400 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.
OKAY, JAY! I enclose \$1.00. Shoot me my **MAGIC "SLIDING
 NOTE FINDER" HARMONICA**, plus **FREE SPEED COURSE**
 and **FREE** dope on **HARMONICA TRICKS**. If I'm not delighted,
 I may return the Harmonica in 5 days, and get my \$1 right back.

Name _____
Please Print Plainly
 Address _____
 City _____ Zone _____ State _____

LOOK! FREE!

JAY'S NEW, ALL-PICTURE SPEED COURSE!

YOU LEARN LATEST
 RHYTHM ROPES
 whizzing through Jay's
 exciting Speed Course!
 You don't even have to
 read a note of music. You just whiz along
 with plain-as-plain **PICTURE** directions.
 Then in 8 zippy minutes, you're whizzing
 through harmonica music that makes
 super-swell listening. Speed Course gives
 you music, words and "works" for 38 of
 your all-time favorites like—Yankee
 Doodle, Old Black Joe, Oh, My Little Dar-
 ling, For He's A Jolly Good Fellow, Home
 Sweet Home, Reuben Reuben, Comin'
 Thro' The Rye, Pop Goes The Weasel—
 and 30 MORE!



Star At Outings

PLUS FREE DOPE ON HARMONICA TRICKS!

Want to imitate a train coming in? Scare
 all the girls with hair-raising "Ghost
 Noises"? It's **EASY** with Jay wising you
 up on these and lots more *professional*
 harmonica tricks!

SNAP UP JAY'S "NO RISK" OFFER NOW!

JAY TURNER, 400 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

CALLING ALL SPACE RANGERS!

OVER

70

ACTION PACKED SPACE SHIPS
FLYING SAUCERS—ROCKETS—
MEN FROM MARS etc. ALL \$1
FOR

MADE OF REALISTIC
SPACE COLOR PLASTIC!

YOU CAN ACTUALLY
SHOOT ROCKETS
INTO SPACE WITH
YOUR SPACEPORT
ROCKET LAUNCHER.
Safe—Harmless



MOST AMAZING SPACE KIT IN THE UNIVERSE!

Hey Kids, here's a complete Space Patrol Kit for you to lead. You can be squadron leader and direct SPACE BATTLES . . . deploy your rocket ships . . . send them into SPACE.

Now you can try to pioneer unexplored planets using your solar-powered space-mobile. You can try setting up interplanetary observatories, laboratories and radar detecting units . . . Imagine using your cosmic ray neutralizer as protection against deadly cosmic rays . . . Imagine talking to other planets hundreds of light years away. Chase flying saucers and flying discs. Track down Martian spies and rescue 4 Astra Space Beauties. You get a complete squadron . . . 2 spaceport hangars with rocket launchers that you can actually launch 19 rockets into space with—an interplanetary refueler, giant rocket ships, smaller rocket ships, Rocket Men—Mars Men—Beautiful Astra Girls. Every piece is perfectly scaled and is made of long life VINYL.

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PLASTIC ROCKET GUN!
6 inches long. Sends
code with real trigger.
Yours Free For Promptness!
Hurry! Mail Coupon TODAY!

- 2 Rocket Launchers • 4 Martian Spies
- 16 Space Men • 4 Astra Beauties
- 2 Space Transports • 2 Refueling Stations • 1 Spacemobile • 2 Moon Rockets • 1 Flying Saucer • 1 Flying Disc • 2 Rocket Ships • 1 Set Fuel Tanks • 1 Space Badge • 2 Observatories • 2 Radar Detectors • 1 Searchlight • 1 Ray Gun • 1 Nuclear Laboratory • 1 Ray Neutralizer • 1 Mystery Planet • 1 Transmitter • 19 Rockets

400 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

SPACE SQUADRON, Dept. G.I.
400 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY
Send set(s) of 70 Interplanetary Space-
men, Rocket Ships and Scientific Equipment
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